

Good Hearted Man by **ObeyDontStray**

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Summary:

One of Hopper's possessions triggers a strong memory in Joyce

Good Hearted Man

"You know, I can get a handyman." Joyce fretted as Jim walked in, tool box in hand.

"And pay someone when I'll do it for you for free. Look, I want to do it."

"Well why do you want to do it?" She asked as he shrugged out of his fur lined coat and hung it by the door.

"Well is cold as hell out there. And you have a hole through the front wall of your house. I do care about you three, you know."

She eyed him as he started unbuttoning his uniform shirt, down the the henley beneath. Pulled off his gun belt, laying it on the table. Finally he fished his keys out of his pocket and plunked them on the table before grabbing his toolbox and heading for the living room.

Joyce poured him a jack and coke from the bottle of jack she had hidden away from him and brought it to him. "Mighty obliged." He smiled, taking a big sip before turning his attention back to his work. He shoved his sleeve up to his elbows as she retreated back to the table for a smoke.

Her eyes fell on his keys on the table. A full key ring, with a bunch of different keys. And the green caught her eyes. The familiar neon green. She reached out to touch the scuffed up, scarred piece of plastic.

Deck Motel
Indianapolis
14

And a we guarantee postage stamp.

He kept it. All these years, he kept the key fob for the Deck Motel. Her eyes lifted across the table to look at him as he hammered away.

It had been prom night that friday night. He had attempted to drive them home, but in his drunken state (or perhaps it was his plan all

along) he drove them toward Indianapolis. Joyce had snoozed on his shoulder in his Dad's car as he drove. When he woke her, he had them parked in front of a neon sign for the Deck Motel. Vacancies flashing.

"Let's camp out here for the night, okay?" He asked. "I'm too tired to drive home." She had agreed, leaning heavily in him as he lead her to the office. She was basically asleep on her feet as he made arrangements, collecting the key for room 14.

He helped her out of the complicated dress and together in their underwear they had went to bed, huddling close in the cool room. She remembered her head on his chest and her hand in the center of it. His mouth against her hair for a sweet goodnight kiss.

Then the next morning they made love in the morning light. All tongues and teeth and wandering hands. The sounds she could make him make were music to her ears. He had always been so attentive. Jim Hopper with his big heart and his lithe body,

She looked up at him again, taking a mighty drag of her cigarette as she looked him over and reminisced on how good those times were. He wasn't quite as slim these days, his hair not as quite as thick, but she knew that big heart was still there.

She stood and walked over to him. He regarded her with questioning eyes when she stood close. She tilted his face with a curled finger beneath his chin.

Their lips met and for a second she was eighteen again. He was confused when she pulled away. She watched his lips part then close again, as if he couldn't figure out what to say.

"Sorry, just feeling nostalgic." She smiled at him. "I saw your keys. You remember too."

"That's the kind of thing you just don't forget, Joycie."

Author's Note:

I found an old hotel key tag on the ground a little while back and kept it. It's all scuffed and scarred,

someone had it on their keys a long long time. I
wonder what kind of memory I've found.